

SANTA LUCIA--THE PRIDE OF ALL CHILI

..... BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN

THE pride of Santiago and of Chili is the wonderful hill of Santa Lucia. It is a towering pile of volcanic rock so covered by vines and flowers, that it looks like a great garden hanging in the air. Its sides are seamed by walks and roads that coil about it like the clinging folds of a serpent, and follow them is like turning the pages of a book of views. Here is a spreading tree with a vine about its stout trunk, and a flower in full bloom among its thick branches; there is a white fountain with gold fish leaping about the feet of the stone mermaid reclining in the water; in that grotto the marble image of a saint has been bending over its prayer book for so many years that a cushion of moss has grown about its knees, and a coat of dust has settled upon its shoulders. Below is the vista of the city, its many blocks looking like tiny squares in a great checker board, spirit here and there by long, slender streamers of green, which are rows of trees lining the avenues; and to the cafe on the summit people are always coming and going—the people who provide the tone which is the life of the picture.

It may be impolite to repeat what one overhears in a dinner, but I cannot resist telling some of the interesting things I heard as I sat in my corner of the old cafe on Santa Lucia. That stout man with the bald head above his fat cheeks and the big diamond in his shirt front, is a cattle king who owns seventeen leagues of land and 10,000 head of stock. He has come to the capital to spend the week's end, and the price of one of his fat steers in filling up his stomach with good food and his ears with the latest gossip. His companions speak of the president's wife who is a sort of heir to the first honor of the land. The president runs in her family. First her father was elected, after her mother, brother, and now her husband is the executive. She has several sons and it is her ambition to have the coveted office descend to one of them. It is most unusual for such a thing to happen in a republic.

Santa Lucia's Dark Secrets.

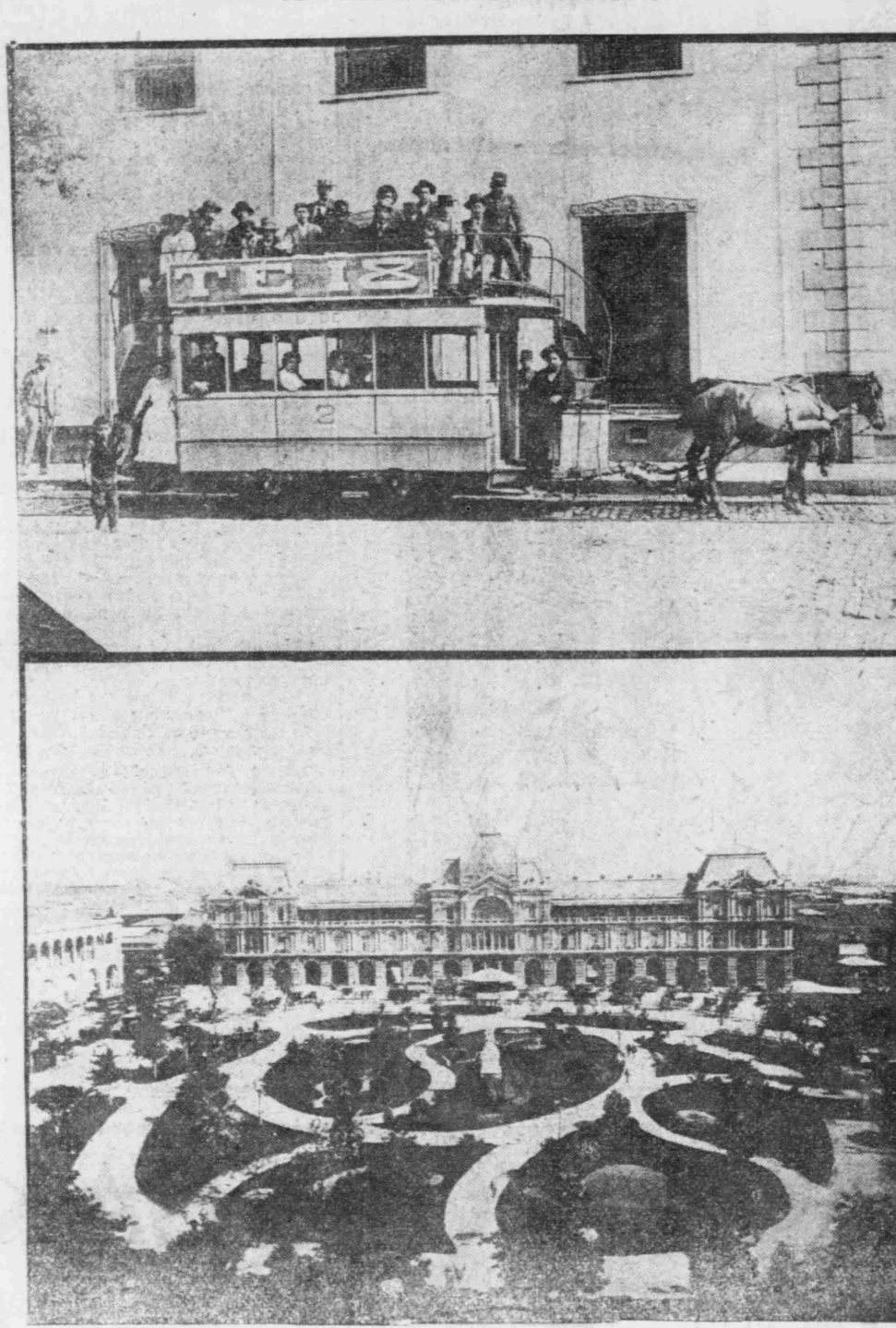
At another table a stranger is being told the history of Santa Lucia. In the beginning it was merely a barren rock lifting its bald head above the dusty path. In its bosom there were numberless caves where robbers fled after committing their nefarious acts. It was a safe retreat for thief and assassin. Few of the colony who lurked in this dark lair but could boast of having cut a throat; some for money, some for vengeance, and many for mere love of letting blood. And many a maiden was forcibly carried to captivity in this rookery of devil's imps. Although Santa Lucia is all smiles now there are many dark secrets hidden in its heart. It was to rout the robbers that the idea of making it a pleasure place was first conceived. This was years ago. Now the robbers are gone and their haunt has become one of the fairest garden spots in the world.

It is often remarked at plays that the light effects are too extravagant, but no such coloring as one sees from Santa Lucia can be reproduced, let alone overcome. The valley becomes dim with blue as the mountain holds the wailing light of the sun. Muffled sounds rise from the city as if it were far away. The lamps are lighted in the cafe, and the night shift begins in the world of work, but still the mountain wears its crown of light. Between the snatches of conversation, the rattle of coaches in the narrow streets sounds like the far off roar of a gullion rising from the sea. The sun shines as day waves its last banner in the west; then the stars come out, and night steps upon her throne to watch over her subjects as they sleep beneath her canopy, and then go to their rest.

Hope She Marries Well.

The arrival of another party arouses new interest, and the little gossip bees begin to buzz. The robbers and their dark deeds are soon forgotten as the dowager seats herself and begins her study of the wine list. They say her

Girl Conductors on the Street Cars.



The Plaza of Santiago.

thirst is quite in keeping with her size, and that after her third glass of wine, she always tells stories about the dusty path. In its bosom there were numberless caves where robbers fled after committing their nefarious acts. It was a safe retreat for thief and assassin. Few of the colony who lurked in this dark lair but could boast of having cut a throat; some for money, some for vengeance, and many for mere love of letting blood. And many a maiden was forcibly carried to captivity in this rookery of devil's imps. Although Santa Lucia is all smiles now there are many dark secrets hidden in its heart. It was to rout the robbers that the idea of making it a pleasure place was first conceived. This was years ago. Now the robbers are gone and their haunt has become one of the fairest garden spots in the world.

But they are respected for their brave attempt at appearances. The girl is pretty and sweet, and it is to

be honed she will marry well. A rich foreigner has called upon her several times. There is a mystery about the short girl with the European attitude. She is in the employ of the government, but she does not belong to the class that take situations. She must be a lady of quality, because she receives and sends expensive cables, and her servant girl says she has beautiful silk night robes. How gossip loves to detail! There must be a man on the other end of the cable, and Santiago will never rest until it knows whether he flirts the maid or she runs away from him.

Jockey, Maid and Scribe.

As the moon climbs over the rim of the mountain, and lights up the placid face of the statue of the first archbishop of Santiago, many carriages wheel grind in the gravel of the road way, and more people come to their evening meal on lofty Santa Lucia. Even now and then there is a foreigner among them. That dapper little chap is an American jockey, who became just a trifle heavy to ride at home, so he had to seek another market for his craft. They say he is as full

of tricks as a Latin diplomat, and that he has earned \$4,000 in six months.

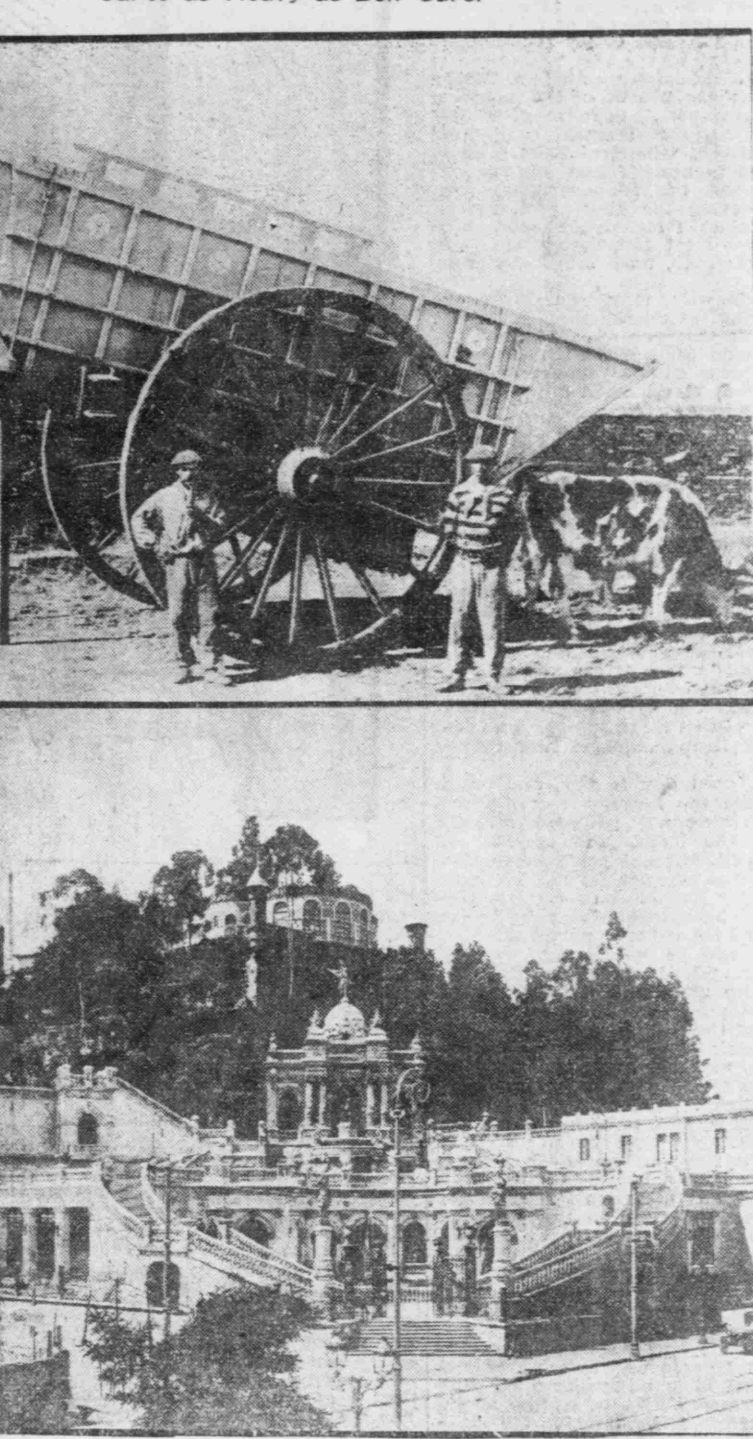
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Did an eavesdropper ever hear good of himself? I have to take refuge behind my napkin as the talk turns to Japanese lanterns until they rise and fall in the dark like gentle undulating waves of light. Some strolling minstrels pause beneath the balcony to offer their serenade and hold their sombrero for coins. Curks are popping and pretty heads are bobbing. Women, wine and night! Here is your setting for a play, and people enough to take all the parts. Where is the girl to sup-

When the Heart Beats Young.

The night winds sway the strings of Japanese lanterns until they rise and fall in the dark like gentle undulating waves of light. Some strolling minstrels pause beneath the balcony to offer their serenade and hold their sombrero for coins. Curks are popping and pretty heads are bobbing. Women, wine and night! Here is your setting for a play, and people enough to take all the parts. Where is the girl to sup-

Carts as Heavy as Box Cars.



Partial View of Santa Lucia.

pendent said most of the Americans in Chili were here for their country's good. Another one said the girl street car conductors were pretty and that clear water ran down the Alameda. One evidently told the truth, and the other misrepresented the facts in his effort to please, yet both were disliked in the end. It is as impossible for a writer to please all his readers as for a doctor to cure all his patients. Although we are a much abused lot, what would the world do for its news if we were not always camping on the trail of big events?

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her. When she gets home she will whisper something to the canary, before she puts it to bed. The boys exchange confidences behind their perturbed fans. I suspect they are saying that before many more moons rise over the mountains, to shine on Santa Lucia, there will be another runaway. The warm blood of the south rooks no restraint when the heart beats young.

The Way of the Yankees.

The band is playing in the plaza. The Sousa two-step sounds miles away. Instead of being a full band it might be a photograph in a barrel. The lights wink solemnly among the trees, and then flare up as they signal back and forth along the avenues. The waiter clears away the plates and brings the coffee. What is all this hubbub at the table on the right? A Yankee drummer and a native are threshing out a hot argument on the systems of their respective countries. The American sits in his chair as limp as if he did not have a joint in him, while the other is as stiff as a military salute. The northerner says his people are more practical in their way of doing things, and cites comparisons to sustain his argument. He says he shipped a horse from Chile to Argentina, and the railroad people passed a big tag on his hip. It took an hour to wash the alum out of the animal's hair. A Yankee would have tied that tag on the halter. Some of the carts in use are almost as heavy as box cars, and the animals are hitched to them as if they were horses. Why not have fewer pounds of cart and more pounds of cargo? Some day when the raw product that is hauled in those big carts comes into competition with similar stuff from North America it will be understood, because the Yankee makes a constant study of efficiency and cheapening his methods of production. A party was traveling across the desert in a stage coach. The dust was dreadful. A Chilean girl was much distressed because her hat was being soiled, but she would not take it off because the dirt would set in her hair and make her look untidy. The only American girl in the party put her hat in a paper bag and pinned it to the canvass top with a hat pin, remarking that she could get a shampoo for a dollar, while a new hat would cost fifty.

The simple, practical way is the way of the American. In manufacturing he can make a dollar so farther than a hound can run. It is true he is not as smooth an article as the European salesman. He does not wear a white vest and he cannot speak French. But he is a night owl on the problems of the factory. He sits up with his business as cheerfully as a policeman sparking a servant girl. With the facts and figures in his price list, he will soon have those after-dinner speakers hunting for the tall timber. Business is a sack coat affair, not a full dress function; and the place to transact affairs is the office, not the banquet hall. Europe and South America will find this out before long, and the Yankee will have a full lot of scalps while they are at it.

A Moonlight Memory.

The waiters are brushing up the crumbs and counting their tips. A hazy mist of cigar smoke swirls through the cafe. There is a last clinking of glasses and pushing back of chairs. Buenos noche is the way to say good night in Spanish. I linger to take my last look from Santa Lucia, for tomorrow at daybreak I am going away. The night is well along and dark smells are in the air. The flowers are wet with dew and the vines shine strangely in the moonlight. I whirl downward past the monument erected to these hapless souls who have no place in heaven or earth—supposed to mean suicides, then under the poised figure of Victory holding its trumpet to the heavens. The Alameda is deserted save for street cleaners, an occasional beggar, or a belated priest. One may travel far, he may traverse all lands, but the memory of rare old Santa Lucia shining in the moonlight will go with him.

SPRING AND ITS POETRY

WELL, Mr. Idiot," said Mrs. Pedagog, genially, as the idiot entered the breakfast room, "what can I do for you this fine spring morning? Will you have tea or coffee?"

"I think I'd like a cup of boiled iron, with two lumps of quinine and a spoonful of condensed nerve-milk in it," replied the idiot, wearily. "Somehow or other I have managed to miss my spine this morning. Ethereal mildness has taken the place of my backbone."

"Those tired feelings, eh?" said Mr. Brief.

"Yuppy," replied the idiot. "Regular thing with me. Every year along about the middle of April I have to fasten a poker on my back with straps in order to stand up straight, and as for my knees—well, I never know where they are in the merry, merry springtime. I'm quite sure that if I didn't wear brass cups on them my legs would bend backwards. I wonder if this neighborhood is malarious?"

"Not in the slightest degree," observed the Doctor. "This is the healthiest neighborhood in town. The trouble with you is that you have a swampy mind, and it is the miasmatic oozings of your intellect that reduce you to the condition of physical flabbiness, of which you complain. You might swallow the United States steel trust and it wouldn't help you a bit, and 10,000 bottles of nerve-oil or any other of the quack remedies used to wear in the days of chivalry to bolster up your legs, and a straight jacket to keep your back up."

"Thank you kindly," said the idiot. "If you'll give me a prescription which I can have made up at your tailor's, I'll have it filled unless you'll add to my ever-increasing obligation to you by sending me your own straight jacket. I promise to keep it straight and to return it the moment you feel one of your fits coming on."

The Doctor's response was merely a scornful gesture, and the idiot went on. "It's always seemed a very queer thing to me that this season of the year should be so popular with everybody. To me it's the muckiest of times. Mushy bones, mushy poetry, mush for breakfast, fried, stewed and boiled. The roads are mushy, lovers thaw out and get mushier than ever."

In the Spring the blasts of winter all are stilled in solemn hush.

In the Spring the young man's fancy enters the breakfast room.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself to trifle with so beautiful a poem," interrupted the Bibliomaniac, indignantly.

"Who's trifling with a beautiful poem?" demanded the idiot.

"You are—Lockeley Hall—and you know it," retorted the Bibliomaniac.

"Lockeley nothing," said the idiot.

"What! Lockeley Hall at all. It's a little thing of my own that I wrote six years ago, called, 'Spring Unsprung.' It may not contain much delicate sentiment, but it's got more solid information in it of a valuable kind than you'll find in ten Lockeley Halls or a dozen etiquette columns in the Lady's Away From Home Magazine. It has saved a lot of people from pneumonia, and other disorders of early spring. I am quite certain, and the only person I ever heard criticize it unfavorably was a Doctor I know, who said it spoiled his business."

"I should admire to hear it," said the Poet. "Can't you let us have it?"

"Certainly," replied the idiot. "It goes on like this:

In the spring I'll take your driving, take you driving Maudy dear.

But I beg of you be careful at this season.

It is true the birds are singing, singing sweetly all their notes.

But you'll later find them wearing canton flannel round their throats.

It is true the lark doth warble, 'Spring is here,' with lilting fire.

"All is warmth and all is genial," but a few weeks' frost will be here.

All is warmth for a time, that is true, but wait awhile.

And you'll find that April's weather has not even changed its style.

And beware of April's weather; it is not even changed its style.

But little Johnny's future, you can't always sometimes tell.

Often modest little violets, peeping up from out their beds.

In the balmy morn by night-time have they tucked their heads.

And the buttercup and daisy twinkling gaily on this lawn.

Sing by night a different story from their carolings at dawn;

And the blossoms of the morning, halting spring with joyous frenzy;

When the twilight falls upon them often drop with infidelity.

So, dear Maudy, when we're driving, put your linen duster on.

And your lovely Easter bonnet, if you wish to you may do.

But be careful to have with you sundry garments warm and thick,

Woolen gloves, a muff and ear-tabs; from the ice-box get the pick-

There's no telling what may happen ere we've drunk a glass of punch.

April flirts with chill December and is full of other wiles.

Bring your partner to Maudy—it is good for both of you.

At the same time you would better also bring your huckster's scales.

There's no telling from the noontide, with the sun a shining bright.

Just what kind of a winter weather we'll be up against by night.

"Referring to the advice," said Mr. Brief, "that's good. I don't think much of the poetry."

"There was a lot more of it," said the idiot, "but it escapes me at the moment. Four lines I do remember, however:

Pin no faith to weather prophets—all their prophecies are fakes.

Route the wheels are plain and simple to the notions April takes.

Keep your children in the nursery—never mind the kind of weather.

And above all do not let your furnace take an evening out.

"Well," said the Poet, "if you're going to the poets for advice I presume your rhymes are plain and simple to the notions April takes."

"That's the trouble with the whole tribe of poets," said the idiot. "They think they are licensed to do anything and all sorts of things that other people can't do and say. In a way I agree with you that a poem shouldn't necessarily be a treatise on the weather, but a sequence of health hints, but it should avoid misleading its readers. Take that fellow who wrote:

Sweet primrose Time! When thou art here I go by grassy ledges

Of long lane-side, and pasture mead, and moss entangled hedges.

"That's very lovely, and as far as it goes it is all right. There's no harm in doing what the poet so delicately suggests. But I think there should have been other stanzas for the protection of the reader, like this:

But have a care, oh readers fair, to take your mackintoshes.

And on your feet be sure to wear a pair of staunch gaiters.

Nor should you fall when seeking out The primrose, golden yellow.

To have at hand somewhere about A competent umbrella.

"Thousands of people are inspired by lines like the original to go gallivanting all over the country in primrose time, to return at dewy eve with all the incipient symptoms of pneumonia. Then there's the case of Wordsworth.

He was one of the loveliest of the nature poets, but he's eternally advising people to go out in the early spring and lie on the grass somewhere, listening to cuckoos doing their cooking."

"Oh, ho!" cried the Poet, "and hearing the crocus cuss, and some sentimental reader out in New Jersey thinks that if Wordsworth could do that sort of thing, and live to be 80 years old, there's no reason why he shouldn't do the same thing. What's the result? He lies on the grass for two hours and suffers from rheumatism for the next ten years."

"Tut!" said the Poet. "I am surprised at you. You can't blame Wordsworth because some New Jersey man makes directly or indirectly advise people to go out and lie on the grass in early spring he owes it to his public to caution them that in some localities it is not a good thing to do. A rhymed footnote:

This habit by the way is good; In climes south of the Mersey; But, I would have it understood, It's risky in New Jersey."

In a way all writers should be responsible for the effect of what they write on their readers," said the idiot.

"When a poet of Wordsworth's eminence directly or indirectly advises people to go out and lie on the grass in early spring he owes it to his public to caution them that in some localities it is not a good thing to do. A rhymed footnote:

The white-footed mice, too have been desperately hungry this winter, and now the snow has gone, we may find sometimes, under a log or stone heap, a yellowish-brown skin, from which the body has been eaten. During ordinary winters, these dainty creatures are able to subsist on seeds, nuts, cherry stones, and the like; but when food is as scarce as it was a trace of sadness in the clear whistle of the 'Bob-white.'"

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And other dearest treasures of spring. Are daily draughts of withering, blithering squalls.

To cure my aching bones of darkness chill.

And at the door of my loved physician ring.

The tender sneezes of the early day. The sudden drop of Mr. Mercury.

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"You see, that makes not only a more comprehensive picture, but does not mislead anybody into the belief that spring is all velvet, which it isn't, by any means."

"Oh, ho!" cried the Poet, "very much nettled, as he rose from the table. 'I suppose if you had your way you'd have all poetry submitted first to a censor, the way they do with plays

in London."

"No, I wouldn't have a censor; he'd only increase taxes unnecessarily," said the idiot, folding up his napkin and also rising to leave. "I'd like to be the board of health pass on them. It isn't a question of morals so much as of sanitation."

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